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NEWS GLEANINGS.

Twelve hundred cars of lumber and shingles were shipped from Beaumont, Texas, during April.

Fishermen recently from the gulf stream report having seen schools of Spanish mackerel which were unprecedented in number.

Maine capitalists have formed a company, with stock fixed at \$200,000. bought property opposite the City Hall at Hot Springs, Ark., and will erect a mammoth hotel.

Haynesville (Ala.) Examiner: We notice the millions of locusts all over this section of the county. They eat the leaves of trees, grass, etc., but have not bothered the crops as yet.

The late Dr. Henry Hull, who was born in Wilkes county, Ga., in 1798, and died May 10, 1881, was professor of mathematics and astronomy in the State University at Athens, Ga., 1829-1846 He was associated vith General Andrew Jackson in concluding the treaty with the Cherokee Indians.

Certain colored military companies have applied for admission into the State militia of Louisiana. These organization will be mustered in when properly perfected and uniformed, if they pass inspection. The New Orleans States says that one of these companies, the Attacks Guards, called after the first colored man killed on the battle field during the civil war, has existed, in an independent condition, for some time, and bears a fair character for instruction and dicipline.

Dr. W. C. Capeheart, who owns two fisheries on Albemarle sound, in North Carolina, told a Herald reporter that he thought the spawning ground of the striped bass or rock fish has been found If it can be definitely located he thinks that the results will be beyond computation, and the rock will rapidly become the most important fish in Southern

Anderson (S. C.) Intelligencer: There is some talk-in fact, a strong probability-that an effort will be made in Anderson this summer to elect a dry ticket. and in view of this movement we are informed that the wholesale liquor dealers residing outside of the State have. by their salesmen, promised to contribute from two to six barrels of whisky towards controlling the vote in favor of a continuance of license, * * * We will not submit to outside interference in our municipal elections, and those engaged in the liquor business, either within or without the town, had better not undertake to control those elections by contributions of free whisky by parties outside of the State.

Hawkinsville (Ga.) Dispatch: In Dedge county last week the editor of this paper talked with the tax receiver of that county. He gave us figures showing that the taxable property of that county had increased in 1889 over 1879 to the amount of over \$118,000, or about twenty per cent. On Saturday last the late tax receiver of Pulaski county informed us that the taxable property of this county had increased during the last four years nearly a half million dollars, or from \$1,125,000 to \$1,160,000. In Telfair county the increase in one year was about \$159,000, and in Coffee county the increase was about \$135,000.

Minden, La., correspondence New Orleans Democrat: Webster parish is noted for an abundance of fish and game. Hundreds, we might say thousands of persons, make it convenient to spend a few days during the spring or summer on the banks of the Dorchete catching fish. The bayou is at these seasons literally filled with cat, buffalo, trout, black and striped bass, white or speckled perch, red perch and goggle eye, pike, gar, turtle, etc. Deer, wild turkey, etc. are so numerous in the flats west of the Daraham, as to seriously annoy farmers. In the winter season, an immense number of wild fowl are found in Lake Briteneau-the various kinds of duck, brant, geese and occasionally a swan. The parish is indeed a hunter's paradise.

Food for Fat People.

There are three classes of food-the oils, sweets, and starches-the special office of which is to support the animal heat and produce fat, having little or no influence in promoting strength of mus-cle or endurance. If the fat, therefore, would use less fat and more of lean meats, fish and fowl, less of fine flour, and more of the whole product of the grains-except the hulls-less of the weets, particularly in warm weather, and more of the fruit acids in mild form, as in apple, sleep less, be less indolent, and labor more in the open air, the fat could disappear, to a certain extent at last, with no loss of real health. food we have almost a perfect control in this matter, far better than we can have in the use of drugs. If we have to Each fat and too little muscle, we have timply to use less of the fat forming elements and more of the muscle food, such darker portions of grains, etc., with peas

YEARS AGO.

She was seated close boside me. On a May day, years ago; Heart of mine, you must not chide me, I was but a boy, you know

Tis no secret, I'll revealit,

Heart of mine, 'twas long ago; This lock of hair, if I did steal it, I was but a boy, you know.

Was she pretty? Did I love her? Heart of mine, 'twas years ago; And that pang of bliss is over, I was but a boy, you know.

"Was she rich ?"—now that is funny, Heart of mine, twas long ago; What cared I for lands or money? I was but a boy, you know.

"And you parted—how you missed her"— Heart of infine, 'twas years ago; "And you pressed her hand and kissed her," I was but a boy, you know.

Do I love her yet?—O olden, Precious past, thou heart of mine; See, this lock of hair is golden, And the head that wore it—thine.

THE LOVE LETTER.

"Well, wheever heard the like," cried Fanny Harper, as she entered the parler and threw herself on the sofa. "Guess, mamma, if you can, what has just hap

'I'm sure I don't know, Perhaps Sam and Tom have been quarreling Dear me, what torments those children

"No; they are both at school, Guess again, mamma.'

"Well, then, I dare say that odious Mrs. Sharp has been hinting that I wear false hair. False hair, indeed! then,

why—"
"No such thing," interrupted Fanny; "ten times worse!"

"Ten times worse!" cried Mrs. Harper, turning pale. "Oh Fanny, tell me."
"Well," said Fanny, sobbing, "Julia

Somers is engaged."
"Engaged? Well I wonder what people will come to next!"

"Yes, really engaged. If there was a girl in whom I thought I could place perfect confidence, it was Julia Somers, Only a month ago she joined our antimatrimonial society. Oh, mamma, how can girls be so foolish! Poor Julia!"

"Why, what can you mean, Fanny?" asked a lady who happened to be present, "Is it possible that Julia is about to marry a man unworthy of her? Who is the dreadful creature to whom she is engaged?"
"His name is George something-

Thornton, I believe.

"Is he intemperate?"
"Mercy, no! How could you think of such a thing? His morals are good enough.

"Perhaps he is an ignoramus, then,

"No, no, no; he is a very fine young man, as rich as Crosus, very sensible, and so handsome! Half the girls in town are doing for him. "Indeed! Then why is Julia so much to be pitied?"

"Why, because she is to be married," said Fanny, impatiently (she had turned an old maid's corner).

"I confess I cannot see the great hardship, after all," suggested Mrs. Harper, But there's the dinner bell.

Fanny declared, however, that she had no appetite for dinner, so to her own room she went to write a long letter to Julia, in which she pointed out the trials of married life, and warned her against the fatal step. What did Mrs. Somers do with this letter? She read it to George, and George twisted it into twenty lamp-lighters, and the twenty lamp-lighters were in requisition on certain evening of the paxt week, when

Julia ceased to be Julia Somers. Months passed away and Fanny, at Julia's earnest desire, came to spend a few days with the youthful bride, bright color and the playful smile still dwelt upon her cheek and lip as of yore, and Fanny might have forgotten that this was not the Julia Somers of her early love had not the apparition of man's hat and coat in the hall recalled

her to her senses,
"Well," thought Fanny, "I'm determined to have as little to do with her husband as possible. Nota word will I speak except when he asks a question, for I am determined to hate him with all my heart,"

To hate George Thornton-the man who adored her Julia, who was so bandsome, so sensible, so brimful of love and kindness for every living thing! resolve! In the space of one hour Fanny had opened out her heart to the influence of his thousand-and-one good qualities and he understood her. The week passed pleasantly, and Fanny went home and wrote verses.

It was very odd, she thought, and my

reader, you must think as she did that certain persons of the masculine gender were constantly interfering with her private reflections. If she walked she feared meeting some among the num-ber; if she remained at home she was sure they would be there to torment her; if she read, the hero of the novelist or historian would take the shape of the Mr. Thompsons, the Mr. Smiths and the Mr. Jones of her acquaintance; if she visited, what if Mr. So-and-so chould be there? Poor Famiy!

The years of the life of Fanny Harper were many. Her younger brothers and sisters wondered that she had never had an offer, and Fanny herself wondered, and rejoiced-at least she said so. One morning Mrs. Harper and her five daughters were seated together in the parlor, when a violent ring was heard at the door. It was not time for papa's return, but that was not papa's ring, they were all sure. Great, therefore, was their surprise when Mr. Harper, puffing and panting, rolled into the room, bearing high above his head a letter with a great masculine seal.

"A letter from a gentleman, as I know the flourish he has made on that great M." cried Kate, standing on tip-toe and trying to read the address written on the

"A love letter, did you say?" cried Matilda. "Oh, its for me then," said Fanny,

decidedly. "For me, you mean," cried Lucy, who bore the only pretty face of the

"Isn't it for me?" asked Ann, as she re-membered that Mr. Gustavus Thorp had walked home with her the last time she was caught in a shower.

The matter was speedily settled, however, by Kate, who had contrived to gain possession of the letter, and was "Miss Francis Harper" in no gentle

"Give it to me directly, and don't tease me so, Kate," cried Fauny.
"Wait a minute till I've found out who it's from," said Kate, peeping under the seal, "Let me see—Thom—Thomas!

There, do take it, My dear reader did you ever write, receive or read a love letter?
"Not I, thank fortune," growls the

cross old bachelor. "Nor I," sighs poor Aunt Nabby. "That's a secret," whispers pretty El-

Well, then to you who know nothing of such matters, an explanation or even a sight of Fanny's letter would be unintelligible; and as for you who have already dozens of your own, you can, of course, feel little curiosity respecting this one. Besides, what right have I to read you Fanny's secret?

Fanny came down to dinner with an air of dignity quite unnaual to hor. "Do tell us who the letter was from?"

nsked Lucy.
"Shall you say yes?" called Sam, from the end of the table.
"Of course she will, and we will be uncles and aunts," roared Tom.

"Thomas, leave the table, directly,"

cried Mrs. Harper,
"Yes, mamma," said Tom, encouraged
by the blushes and titters of the four sisters; "but is it for saying that Fanny would say yes, or that we should be uncles and aunts?"

"Go away, you naughty boy!" and Tom was gone. When dinner was over, Panny took

er mother aside and begged her to read he letter.

"Well," said Mrs. Harper, after a silence of thirty-five minutes, "avery pretty letter, I must say—but who is this Thomas Somerby?"

"Why, mamma," replied Fanny, "I dou't exactly remember ever seeing him,

"Ah, well, that's of no consequence. You shall answer this letter directly—just the situation for you. Let me see lives in the country during the summer months. La, we can tilke the children end spend at least four out of the year with you every season,

"Dear mannina, you forget that I am at the head of the Anti-Matrimonial So-But that's of no consequence. Only

think of your friend Julia-such a nice house—such elegant furniture— such a sweet baby as she bas?" "Yes, Julia seems very happy; and,

do you know, mamma, she has really urged me of late to be more charitable in my opinious of gentlemen. After all, I have possibly been to severe."

Famey retired to her own room to meditate upon Mr. Somerby. A tap at her door aroused her from the reverie. into which she had fallen, and Kate, with an air of great importance, made her appearance.

"And so, Fanny, you are really going to take this Mr. What's his name? You

enda't blush, formamna has told us all isent it, and we have planned out about he dresses and everything; and after on are married you know I shall have your room, for papa says I may. And there's another thing which I must tell Oh, Fanny, I hope I shall have a ove letter some of these days." Fanny hardly knew whether to laugh

but in spite of the grave face which she found it expedient to put on, several little smiles twinkled in her eyes, smiles that said: "Kate, you are a darling, but I musn't let you know I think

"Well," continued Kate, "have you written the answer? Let me see it, do. Come now, I shan't tell the girls what

pretty things you say to him."
"Katy," said Fauny, solemnly "fou must not talk any more about the matter. I confess that it is very hard to disappoint you all and to distress him, but it

oust be done." Now, if there was anything that Kate particularly disliked it was to see tears shed by anybody for any reason; therefore, as she began to suspect that Panny neditated some such act, she lost no ime in retreating.

When Fanny came to tea she was asailed by a host of questions, congratulations, and kisses from papa, mamma, her four sisters and three brothers. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Somerby?" asked

one.
"Now for the wedding cake," shouted

"You'll let me be bridesmaid, won't

ron?" urged Ann. "And if Mr. S. gives you a gold watch von't you give me your old one?" asked After tea no one seemed inclined to

set aboutany regular employment. Papa held his newspaper before his eyes as usual, but it was at last discovered by Kate that it had been upside down for Mamma's knitting work lay an hour. quietly in her lap, while her thoughts wandered off to a certain fine house in the country, where several children ran about, bearing a decided resemblance to her daughter Fanny, Matilda, Anu and Lucy withdrawn into a snug corner, debated the questions whether he were

handsome or otherwise; if he had dark hair or light, if he had not several brothers, etc. Dreams, such as had never visited them before, came this night to the members of the Harper family. A tall, melancholy man, with black whiskers and black coat, disturbed the slumbers of the gentle Fanny; mamma talked in

her sleep of "fine establishment—just the thing for Fan; don't you think so, And Mr. H. answered without waking: "Yes, my dear, he'll put his name on my notes. I dare say," Pretty little young men, brothers of Mr. Somerby, flitted around the apartments of Lucy and of Ann, while visions of plum cake danced temptingly before the eye of Tom and Sam.

Poor Fanny was in sad perplexity. Her mamma had expressed it as her opinion that the match was a desirable one, she had even hinted that her daughter might never have "another she sweeps them away; but is chance," and that for her part she could him the rose leaves remain.

depart in peace should she see her family comfortably settled for life.

And Fanny's filial affection conquered all her scrupples, and she resolved to see, to accept Mr. Somerby.

"Yes," said she to herself, as she again dwelt upon the tenderness of the precious letters, "the sacrifice must be made. I must gratify my dear mother, even though it be at the expense of my own happiness. I will be Mrs. Somerby." Fanny looked out upon the quiet sky,

the moon and stars, and thought, fine a tale could be made from this-a daughter sacrificing herself for the sake of her mother!" It was time to write her answer to the

letter; but how should she begin? Must it be with "Mr. Somerby, sir?" Oh, no, that was too formal. With "My dear sir?" That was too affectionate. And when the matter had been settled and the letter fairly written, the equally important question remained how she should subscribe herself. Was she to be "Yours, respectfully," or "truly," or "sincerely," or "affectionately?" A diffi-

But all things have an end, and the letter was sent. Then it was that Fanny's heart began to quake. What if Mr. S. should not fancy her handwriting? Perhaps her note was too cold, maybe too hot; he might not expect an answer so soon and would be shocked at her haste. But all these heart-quakings

There in vain—the letter was gone.
To pass away the time, which now bung heavily upon her hands, Fanny called to tell Julia the whole story. The kind friend was in raptures, "Just the man for you, my dear," she cried. "So he says he has met you in your walks and at church. Well, I can imagine how he looks; he's the very image of my husband, I've no doubt."

Fanny next called upon the second di-rectress of the Anti-Matrimonial Society, young lady of an uncertain age, and oformed her that for private reasons she must resign her own office, begging her friend to make this resolution known to the society at their next meeting. Meanwhile the four sisters ran to tell the news. Each one had her own particular friend who must not be forgotten, and in the course of two days, it was known to all Panny's acquaintances that the fair damsel had been wood and won. The third day passed, and there had come no letter from the impatient lover. Fanny resolved not to sleep a wink that night, "What will become of me," thought she; "I must be in love!" In the midst of her despair she fell

The next morning a little note, scaled with "Forgive and forget!" was brought from the office. Fanny ran to her own room to read it at her ease, pressing it to ber lips all the way up stairs. Behold

the note opened;
"Dear Fanny"—("Why, how bold!" thought she)—"We have been amusing ourselves at your expense by writing you a letter signed 'Thomas Somerby.' We are afraid that we have carried the mator too far, and must now beg think of this imaginary person no longer. Now don't be angry, Panny dear, for we are both quite sorry, and are ready to hunt up for you a real Mr. S., whe will write better letters than the pretended

one, Affectionately, "Julia and Ghorge," Fanny sat like one petrified. At last she slowly rose, looked in the glass to know if she were pale, tried to faint away, and called her mamma. Mrs. Harper's indignation knew no bounds.

"And so we shall have no wedding, "And we shan't have our new dresses,"

sighed Matilda. 'And there'll be no wedding cake,' screamed Tom.
"It was that horrid George Thomp-

suggested Faimy. What an impertment fellow," cried

And everybody, vexed and disap sinted, turned away to fret, to wander and to scold. Ann and Lucy ran to burn up the verses which they had written about wedded bliss; Kate descended to the kitchen to tell the story there, and Sam, and Tom, having vented their dis-appointment in bestowing upon Mr. orge Thompson the name of sister." departed for school,

"I thought it was a hoax all the time," aid Fanny, the next time she met Julia, "Oh, did you? Well, I am glad of it, We were afraid that you did not suspect

"La, as if I should ever marry!" returned Fanny.

Taking Things for Granted.

Half the failures in life result from he liabit so many people have of taking bings for granted. The business man saumes that his credits are good; he akes it for granted that his wife knews what style of hving his income will war-rant; until the logic of addition, subraction and multiplication proves too much for him, and down comes his busi-ness in ruin. The young professional can takes it for granted that veneering stead of solid acquirements will ena-le him to succeed, because there are so any notorious examples of men's rising and maintaining themselves in public ife through pure audacity, native and an utter lack of conscience. He will find too late that it won't do to plan and risk a career by the exceptions rather than the rule. The farmer keeps no account-crops his farm according to eason, or last year's markets, or his neighbor's success—takes it for granted list the laws of nature and of trade will ccommodate themselves to his necessis-sinks deeper into debt, and wonlers why farming doesn't pay. And so en to the end; men everywhere want ough preparation, honest hard work, inelligent calculation and foresight, paent attention to details. They take granted things which it is their business to know, and trust that to fortune which common sense and experience should sch them is controlled by law Golden Rule.

In some of the rural districts of Italy, a lover who wishes to make a declaration of his passion places rose leaves before the door of the lady. If she rejects him she sweeps them away; but if she accepts

Left-Handed Tibbatts.

Some years ago, in Kentucky, two lawyers, friends and relatives, but of opposite politics, offered themselves for

ongress in the same district. Whig candidate was W. W. Southgate, the Democratic, T. W. Tib-satts. Both had talent, wit and the dollity to please the people. In the more intelligent parts of the district they battled honorably and as accomished debaters. But in those regions where the people were ignorant, they ired jekes at each other, and made the cople laugh.

It happened that in one of these dark" regions both but well and favorable impression that public senti-ment was about equally divided. One party cried, "Hurrah for Southgate!" and the other, "Harrah for Tibbatts! The people remained, after the departure

of the candidates, to enjoy a dance.

When the two politicians had ridden bout a mile, Tibbatts suddenly discoved that he had left something behind, and, asking Southgate to wait for him, role back. Southgate, distrusting his sily opponent, waited a while and then dso returned. He found Tibbatta playing the fiddle and the people dancing. The sentiment seemed to be all in favor of the fiddler, who played with his left

Southgate, who also played the violin, out with his right hand, told the dan-ers that he would assist his friend Tib-Soon his bow had divided the people, and when, throwing it down, he omed in the dance, all the hurrabs were

The next day Southgate was taken ck and for two weeks Tibbatts had the old to himself. Southgate, on recovering, followed his opponent's canvass, but found that his rival's stories and violin playing had stolen the hearts of the vot-

In one place they refused to hear cuthgate, crying, "Tibbatts is one man! Hurrah for Tibbatts!" Some even went so far as to advise Southgate to give up the canvass and go home, as l'ibbatts would receive every vote in that

"Fellow-citizens," said Southgate, utting on his most honest air, "Tibatts is a dear friend of mine, and a dde fellow-there is no better man in he district.

"Let's hear Southgate!" shouted ome of the crowd, "he seems like a corl fellow," And hear him they did, "Fellow-citizens," said the politician, if I can't go to Congress without abusig my friend Tibbatts, I will stay at He is the most talented man in Kentucky, and for accomplishments he

hasn't his equal in the world!"

"We know all about that," shouted
the crowd. "We heard him play," "But, fellow-citizens, there is one He plays better left-hand than most musicians with their right. But if you should hear him play right-handed! Ho would bend the trees with his sweet topes. What I blame him for is this: When he is among the aristocrats, and your stuck-up educated people, he plays right-handed. But when he is among us common people, the uneducated, for whom he has no regard, and calls jack asses, he says anything is good enough for them, and he plays for them left-

"What! Why, he played left-handed ere!" exclaimed the crowd, now thorghly angry, "Does he think we are usses? Down with Tibbatts! Up

th Southgate! He's our man! When the election returns came in, poor left-handed Tibbatts found that he had but sixteen votes in that precinct,

We once heard a story of an eminent gal advocate, which is by far too good to be formatten. Once in a great while our friend might, on a brilliant social easion, take a little more wine than he ould comfortably carry; and such a hing had happened on a certain day, when, on entering court, he was re-quested to defend a man who had been seemed of forgery. The case was ex-plained to him, and be declared himself oroughly conversant with it.

But, when it came time for him to adlress the court and the jucy, he had so far forgotten, or got things mixed that he utterly mistook his side of the cause, and opened with a powerful, scattering and searching plea against the very man

was to defend! The lawyer who had engaged him was thunderstruck; the poor client himself sat like one with the ague—in torture; while the counsel on the other side laughed in their sleeves, whispering to another that their opponent had beaten himself.

At length, however, but not until the dvocate had literally annihilated his evy elient, his friend managed to reach is side, and whisper into his ear what had done. "You have been pleadig against your own client !" For a single instant, the advocate was aken aback; but quickly his wits came

to him, and, pushing his associate away,

e turned again to the court, and to the jury, and said : "Your Honor—and Gentlemen of the Jury—such is the case which I am very sure my brother on the other side will present to you! I have been careful to ok at this matter from his standpoint; and I have shown you with what sophis try and falsehood he might regale But, gentlemen-What are the facts? Ah! Now we come to the truth, and

And then he went on, taking up, piece ry piece, the speech which he made, and utterly demolishing it. And, us he had, in the out et, presented the case almost word for word as the counsel for the plaintiff had planned to pre sent it, he had left them without a whole rag upon their spars. His presentation of what he was pleased to call the iruth was simply masterly; and we will only add that the case was his from that moment, beyond the power of the oppo sition even to attract serious attention from the jury .- New York Ledger.

you shall see how different it is !"

community more to support one liquor saloon than it does to run half a dozen churches," and the Retailer remarks that "there's more fun in the one saloon than in the six churches.

Selecting Carpets. eren'h moquette and English brus-

is are the best carpets to wear and rive the Catest satisfaction. Aubus-

on, Axmix ter and Turkey are equally good, but their price is of concee high, Tapestry brussels is not as desirable as a good three-ply or an ingrain, because when the gay figures wear off there is nothing left but hemp, which is far worse than an all-wool ingrain of good quality. A poor, "slumpsy" carpet is not worth the making and putting down, except in rooms that are only kept for visitors and used on rare occasions; and even then a handsome Chinese matting s to be preferred. And in choosing the outling the best quality is the cheapest in the end, for one that costs 60 to 75 sents per yard is for more desirable than see that can be had for 35 or 40 cents. Of course the expense at first is higher but then we must consider the expense of making and putting down, and bear in mind that after two years' wear the more expensive carpeting is often of more value than the cheaper one when first laid upon the floor, Again, in purchasing a drugget or floor-cloth, three yards square, you may have to pay from \$16 to \$18 for the handsome quality, while a hempen one, stamped with quite as prefty a pattern, can be had for from 87 to 89. Now, do not take the cheap one. For a year it may look well, but by the next autumn, it is worn and shabby, while the expensive one is as good as the day it was aid wa, and it will outlast three of the cheap patterns. Sometimes we can come across bargains and buy carpets of excellent quality at a low price, but un-less we are experienced shoppers it is never well to trust to our own judgment a such matters, and it rarely happens that we can purchase such articles be-low their real market value, except at auctions, and even then we are very likely to be taken in. It is a far better way to go to the carpet-rooms of some ll-known dealer, and then make our selections according to the depth of the purse. The most durable carpets are closely woven and thick, yet soft and pliable; and in real English brussels the lors can be distinguished on the wrong side, but in the "tapestry" there is nothing but home. The beauty of a carpet is quite as important as its duca-bility, and it should be of a kind that will not tire the eyes. Most of us pur-chase a carpet hoping that it will last several years, and desiring it to be ap-propriate for all seasons. Now, the gor-geous designs that fill the carpet-rooms and adorn the flaors of the elegant houses may be very heautiful, but, uniess we can change them frequently, one soon tires of such styles. -Fre house.

and stores; claserful, quiet, unsophistic a name that will live forever. additions of a successful scaport, and surrounded by villages smaller than it-self, of which Cambridge was an important, but rather remote, one. Two the-aters were the most that it could sustain in the line of public amusement, while fashionable life centered upon a darking all, imitatively called Almack's, who trietly-limited assemblies were Within a stone's throw of each other were the houses of Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Robert C. Wintbrop! George Bancroft and Rufus Cheate, on ground now loaded with merchanose, whence the occupants, by taking a few steps, could issue forth upon their native or adopted heath of the Common, under the shade of the great elm. The still lingers on Beacon street the fine old faced and mellow, deep roomed, and suffused with a sober ripeness of respectability, which, with that of George Ticknor at the lessi of Park street, recalls well the staid aspect of this old Boston. In such a place impressions aprend rapidly; theories were infor-tiona; phrendery, Unitarianism, veg-etarianism, emancipation, transcendentation, worked their way from street to street like an epidemic. A new ename of study or a new thought was as exciting as news of a European war could have been. A lady remembers meeting another on Tremont street during the full glow of the Emerson lecture epoch, and exclaiming, "Oh, there's a new iden!. Have you heard it?" Don't talk to me of ideas," retorted

her friend; "I'm so full of them now that I can't make room for a single new one,"-Harper's Magazine,

Precocity a Sign of Inferiority. M. D. Delamay, in a communication to the French Societe de Riotogie, has

advanced the opinion that precocity is a sign of biological inferiority. In support of his position, he adduces the fact that the lower species develope more rapidly, and are at the same time more precocious than those higher in the scale Man is the longest of all in arriving at maturity; and the inferior races of men are more precocious than the superior, as is seen in the children of the Esquimaux, negroes, Cochin Chinese, Arabs, Japanese, etc., who are, up to a certain age, more vigorous and more intellectual than small Europeans. Precociousness becomes less and less, in proportion to the advance made by any race in civilization-a fact which is illustrated by the lowering of the standard for recruits. has been made necessary in France twice during the present century by the decreasing rapidity of growth of the youth of the country. Women are more precocious than men, and in all domestic animals the female is formed sooner than the male. From eight to twelve years of age a girl gains one pound a year on a boy, and in mixed schools girls obtain the first places up to the age of twelve. The inferior tissues and organs develope before the higher ones, and the brain is the slowest of all the organs to develop. M. Delaunay concludes his paper by stating that the precocity of organs and organisms is in an inverse ratio to the extent of their evolution. - Sanitarian.

Save your old newspapers. They are making coffins out of paper,

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

On every night there lies repose, IMAGINATION is the greatest despot. THERE is no real life but cheerful life. WANT of good sense is the worst kind

of poverty. IMPATIENCE dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

Love without return is like a question without an answer, Love, faith, patience-the three essen-

tials to a happy life. PRIDE hath two seasons-a forward

spring and a early fall. Ir is best not to dispute where there is no possibility of convincing. As a fire is discovered by its own light,

so is virtue by its own excellence. Ideas are like beards; men do not have them till they grow up-Voltaire.

PRETTY women are like sovereigns; one flatters them only through interest. THERE are three classes of men; the retrograde, the stationary, the progressive.

GREAT souls by instinct to each other turn Demand alliance, and in friendship burn. —Addison. Suspicions among thoughts are like

Anways there is a black spot in our unshine; it is the shadow of ourselves. Cartyle. THE wise man as well as the fool makes

blanders. The wise man, however, never makes the same blander twice. Appearances are nothing, if you are in the right, but if you are in the wrong on must pay especial attention to them. No man knows what a ministering angel his wife is nutil he has gone with

her through the fiery trials of this world. Trigue's not a heart, however rude, But both some little flower, To brighten up its solitude, And scent the evening hour.

Pratasumu is seldom found where it is sought. Our highest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected

The best way to apologize is to do such a kindness to the offended one that he will forget that you ever attempted to As man is the wiser for his learning,

it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.

WELL, well the world must turn upon its axis, And all mankind turn with it, heads or table, And live and die, make love and pay our taxes, And as the vorring mind shifts, abilt our sold The way to produce a smile on the face of nature is to plant it with seeds of flowers. Tickle nature in that way and

she will laugh with blossoms. In the quickening of thought and the greatest number of happy firesides.

Lettual Epoch.

In the quickening of thought and the greatest number of happy firesides.

Many a splendid gradue.

smallness and compactness of Buston of a good father when young. But all were advantages. It was a little city; a of a sudden he awoke and went into accept of gurdens and gold brick houses tion like a soldier into battle, and made side of the grave are our reputation and

our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of one, and the weakest weapon of the other. Love! what is it, and whence comes it? How much has been written about it, and how idly! Neither statement, comparison, nor analysis avails. Love is love, a thing like nothing else in the world-as real as a second sight. It

-Michelet.

alone bestows the power of seeing a

hundred new truths otherwise invisible.

The Liars. The other day a stranger walked into Woodward avenue establishment employing about ninety people and in-

'Have you any liars in your employ?" "Yes, sir; we have at least sixty!"

was the prompt reply.

If you were to go up and down the country asking each man you met if he knew of the whereabouts of a liar you would discover that sixty per cent. the population of this country could be included under that head. You meet hars on every corner, you pass them on every block; you sit beside them on every street car, and lying has become such a custom that liars are as well thought of

as truth-tellers. The newspapers come in contact with the liar every hour in the day. Let a man fall from the roof of a shed on High street and break his arm, and the news travels about as follows:
One block away—"Broke both arms."
Two blocks away—"Both arms and a

Three blocks away—"Smashed all to pieces and was dead when they picked him up.

Five blocks away—"Shot his wife and then blew his head off." At the City Hall—"Set fire to his house, brained the baby, stabbed his wife and then blew himself up." Every inducement is held out for

Four blocks away-"Committed sui-

reporters to exaggerate. Indeed, plain facts are of no interest to hundreds of readers, - Detroit Free Press. Her Illustrious Grandfather.

New Orleans has some very wealthy families who refer with pride to their ancestors. A few evenings ago Miss De Smith-Byan was entertaining some visit-ors at her house, and, pointing to a pic-ture on the wall, she said: "That is my illustrious grandfather. He was a man who seemed fitted by nature to occupy the higher walks of life, and was never satisfied unless he stood at the very top of the ladder." Her aged grandmother entered the parlor, and, hearing the latter part of her remarks, exclaimed: "Sure, that's the truth you spake, my child. Och! I'll nivir forget the day bad cess to it—when poor Dinnis fell from the top of the ladder wid all the bricks upon him, and was afther break-in' his sibs said to the ladder with a ladder with a ladder with a ladder with the ladder w in' his ribs aginst the ground dear man! Be the powers, in times the divil a bit more could he than phorty cints a day, and—" But the honest old lady's voice was drowned by the banging of the piano as Miss De Smith-Ryan struck up: "I Wandered by the Son-beat Shore."